COMFORTING. GRATEFUL. EPPS'S COCOA. JAMES EPPS & CO. HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

DOWNS, 13 AND 15, SHUDEHILL, OPPOSITE VICTORIA STATION, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES, 70, DEANSGATE.

Vol. IV.—No. 140. MANCHESTER, Saturday, APRIL 15th. Price One Penny.

TEA,
THIS YEAR'S GROWTH,
VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD MANCHESTER.
Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

DAVIES'S
DAY HOTEL & RESTAURANT,
2, ROOK ST., YORK ST.,
OFF MOSLEY STREET.
DINING, LUNCHEON, AND SMOKING ROOMS, CHOICE WINES, LONDON STOUT, AND BURTON ALES.

W. MILBURN'S
Agricultural Implement Depot,
7, TODD STREET, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.
Double-furrow Ploughs, Turnip Cutters, Pulpers, Chaff Cutters, from 42s. each; Oilcake Mills, &c.

PIANOFORTE AND HARMONIUM
BAZAAR,
34 & 36, GREAT DUCIE STREET, MANCHESTER.
Pianofortes, Harmoniums, &c. on Sale or Hire;
Also on the Two Years' Hire System.
PIANOFORTES BY ALL THE LEADING MAKERS,
New and Second Hand, from £5 to £200.
A Visit Respectfully Solicited.
E. C. LOCKE, PROPRIETOR,
Practical Manufacturer Forty Years.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
GENUINE SILENT WORKING SEWING MACHINES,
Proved by twenty years' experience,
And a Sale of over HALF A MILLION, to be the
Best Sewing Machines in the World
FOR FAMILY USE and General Manufacturing Purposes.
Prices from £6. 6s. Cash, or on Easy Terms.
Prospectus free.
Only Depot: 131, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

CHARTREUSE, from the Monastery.
CURACOA, from Amsterdam.
MARASCHINO, from Zara.
CHERRY CORDIAL, from Copenhagen.
NOYAU DE MARTINIQUE.
BENEDICTINE, from the Abbey.
TRAPPISTINE, from the Monastery.
PARFAIT AMOUR, from Bordeaux.
CRÈME DE THE-MOKA-VANILLE, ditto.
GOLDWATER, from Dantzic.
KUMMEL, from Riga.
PUNCH ESSENCES, Rum, Arrac, Pine Apple.
MILK PUNCH, finest quality.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH STREET.

CUFF'S ("THOMPSTONE'S")
SODA WATER. | POTASS WATER.
SELTZER WATER. | LEMONADE.
GINGERADE, &c.
Cuff's (Thompstone's) Waters, being all carefully prepared of the purest ingredients, will be found reliable and decidedly superior beverages.
J. H. CUFF (late Thompstone),
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Established 1801.

THE
GLOBE PARCEL EXPRESS,
127A, MARKET STREET.
PARCELS AND PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY TO ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
GOODS AND PARCELS FORWARDED PER MAIL AND OTHER STEAMERS OR SAILING VESSELS TO INDIA, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND ALL OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

CAVARGNA,
Cook and Confectioner,
PURVEYOR
To their R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, to his Majesty the King of Italy, and H.R.H. Prince Eugenio of Carignano.
A series of Bills of Fare for Wedding Breakfasts, Banquets, Ball Suppers, Soirées, &c., can be had on application, or by post, to Mr. Cavargna, and estimates for any number of guests at a few hours' notice, including the hire of silver plate, china, linen, epergnes, and every requisite. All tastefully executed, à la John Bull, or on the Continental principle, with every luxury experience can suggest.
93, UPPER BROOK STREET,
AND
99 & 101, OXFORD STREET,
MANCHESTER.

ONE DOSE RELIEVES, ONE BOTTLE CURES.

THE most certain Cure for Coughs, Bronchitis, &c., is PRATT'S "BLACK CHERRY COUGH CURE,"
1s½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
Sold by J. Woolley and W. Mather; the Proprietor, G. W. PRATT, Cavendish Street; and all chemists in town and country.
"Every Genuine Bottle only bears this Trade Mark."

Mrs. ROBERT EYRE (late Miss Collier, of the White Bear Hotel), the WHEAT SHEAF HOTEL, Fennel Street, near the Victoria Station, and Royal Exchange. An Ordinary, Tuesdays and Fridays, at Half-past One.

A. LAFOSSE, ART PHOTOGRAPHER, has the Largest Studio in England. 32, VICTORIA STREET.

THEATRE ROYAL.

GREAT ATTRACTION FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

MISS PLESSY MORDAUNT.
MISS BESSY KING.
MR. S. EMERY. MR. G. F. ROWE.

NEW AND ELABORATE SCENERY.
RICH AND COSTLY COSTUMES.
GORGEOUS ARMOUR, DECORATIONS, and APPOINTMENTS.

Every Evening, at Half-past Seven o'Clock,

The Grand Historical Drama from SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

KENILWORTH.

Robert Dudley	(Earl of Leicester)	Mr. DAMPIER
Thomas Ratcliffe	(Earl of Sussex)	Mr. A. BRUCE
William Cecil	(Lord Burleigh)	Mr. EDWARDS
Lord Hunsdon		Mr. MASON
Sir Thomas Bowyer		Mr. MUIR
Master Nicholas Blount		Mr. R. ATKINSON
Master Walter Raleigh		Mr. H. CROSS
Master Richard Varney		Mr. S. EMERY
Master Edmond Tressilian		Mr. F. BARSBY
Anthony Forster		Mr. C. COOPER
Mike Lambourne	(an adventurer)	Mr. G. F. ROWE
Giles Gosling	(host of the Black Bear)	Mr. PAKENHAM
Wayland Smith	(servant to Tressilian)	Mr. HARRY TAYLOR
Lawrence Goldthred	(the mercer of Abingdon)	Mr. GOODING
Gregory		Mr. TURNER
Evrard		Mr. HARKER
Elizabeth	(Queen of England)	Miss PLESSY MORDAUNT
Duchess of Rutland		Mrs. BICKERSTAFF
Amy	(Countess of Leicester)	Miss BESSIE KING
Mistress Janet Forster		Miss JENNY TAYLOR
Cicely	(daughter of Giles Gosling)	Miss SAEGERT
Amazon Chief		Miss EVAH HAMILTON

Minstrels, Guards, Retainers, &c., &c.

ACT I.

Interior of the "Bonny Black Bear Inn."
(W. TELBIN.)

GLEE.....".....Of all the birds in bush or tree."

The adventurer and the moody cavalier.—Reminiscences of old friends. The wager and the expedition.

GARDEN FRONT OF CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.
(MUIR.)

Approach of the intruders.

THE OLD HALL IN CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.
(BICKERSTAFF.)

Tressilian and his lost love.

View in the Grounds of the Manor House,
(BICKERSTAFF.)

Varney and Tressilian meet.—The encounter!

AMY'S BOUDOIR IN CUMNOR!
(CRAVEN.)

Varney's counsel.—The Great Earl of Leicester and his Countess.

ACT II.

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS IN WOODSTOCK.
(HICKS.)

ELIZABETH AND HER COURT.—THE RIVAL EARLS.

Varney succeeds as a courtier.

GARDEN FRONT OF CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.
(MUIR.)

The Waiting Maid and the Pedlar.

AMY'S BOUDOIR.
(CRAVEN.)

The Countess's Scorn!—The Drug!—The Escape!

ACT III.

A VIEW NEAR KENILWORTH.
(MUIR.)

The Cornish Gentleman and the Court Butterflies.

ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF KENILWORTH.
(BREW.)

Amy's request, and Tressilian's promise.

The Garden at Kenilworth.
(MUIR.)

GRAND ENTRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,
ATTENDED BY HER GUARDS AND TRAIN.

The New Knights.

THE REVELS.

GLEE.....".....The Red Cross Knight."

THE MUMMERS OF COVENTRY.

PAGEANT of the AMAZONIAN COHORT,

BY 100 LADIES IN SILVER ARMOUR.

Amazonian Chief.....Miss EVAH HAMILTON.

ILLUMINATION OF THE CASTLE AND GARDENS.

GRAND TABLEAU,

COMPRISING UPWARDS OF 200 PERFORMERS.

ACT IV.

GARDENS OF KENILWORTH.
(W. GLOVER.)

The Lamb and the Lioness.—Wrath of the Queen and Peril of the Countess.—Leicester assents to her Murder.—The Duel.—The Repentance.—The Queen's resolve!

LANE NEAR CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.
(W. TELBIN.)

The insolent Adventurer and his ruthless Employer.—Death of Mike Lambourne.

SAFETY CHAMBER AT CUMNOR.
(MUIR.)

How the trap was laid for the innocent, and how the bolt was drawn to the discomfiture of the wicked.

Stage Manager..Mr. Burkinshaw. | **Musical Director**..Mr. E. Audibert.

Private Boxes, £1. 1s.; £1. 11s. 6d.; and £2. 2s.

Lower Circle Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Chairs, 3s.; Upper Circles, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, at Two o'clock,

KENILWORTH.

N.B.—This Grand Production cannot be continued beyond the present month.

MR. J. L. TOOLE.

On MONDAY, May 1st, in Byron's New Drama,

WAIT AND HOPE.

Prices as usual. Box-office open daily from Eleven till Two.

CHURRUCA

THE ANGLER IN NORTH WALES.

I.—ROUND CAPEL CURIG.

THE northern division of the Principality offers two distinct seasons to the angler. In the spring brown trout-fishing is at its best, whilst after each autumnal spate a few sewin, sometimes an occasional salmon, may be killed at any well-selected station. But with these migratory salmoids we have no present concern, for our quest is limited to the permanent residents of streamlet and lake.

Angling is an art, and, like other arts, has its principles as well as its points of practice. Into the first of these we have no space to enter, and shall merely observe that one of the primary canons is always to be in the right place at the right time. In order, therefore, to comply with this fundamental doctrine we determined to commence operations at Capel Curig on or about the first of April.

The wind whistled cheerily round the iron pillars of the Chester Station as we walked up and down the platform, rather indignant, perhaps, that the guard would not give the signal for starting some five minutes or so before the time. Well, there it goes at last, and we are off through meadows green with the promise of the season, past long lines of hedges, whose young affections seemed nipped in the bud, rumbling over bridges, and puffing sulkily along cuttings, the keen sea breeze all the while rushing tumultuously in through the open window, as if to tell us we were free.

The worst part of the journey is over, for yonder stand the towers of Conway Castle, still hale and fresh after the lapse of many a century. Here we quitted the main line, but in a few minutes were again *en route*, flashing through the lovely valley of the Conway, its northern heights clothed in birch and oak, beech and hazel, each shivering tree standing like a monument of patience waiting for spring. The lengthening shadows lay heavy on the vale when we reached Bettws-y-Coed; but this mattered little, as we knew every inch of the road thence to Capel Curig. Directing our portmanteau to be forwarded on the first opportunity, we flung the basket over our shoulders, grasped rod and landing-net, and struck out merrily against the long ascent that, following closely the meanderings of the noisy Lugwy, ran tolerably straight, for a bold mountain road, into Capel Curig. Night and solitude are said to be favourable to meditation, and our thoughts turned to the subject of private finance. The balance-sheet for once in the world's history being unanimously voted satisfactory, we can afford to make it public:—From Manchester to Chester, 3s. 11d.; from Chester to Bettws-y-coed, 4s. 11½d.; total, 8s 10½d. The reader having learned the line of march, as well as the cost of the first day's bloodless campaign, will probably feel anxious to learn something of the place in which we propose to encamp for the night.

Capel Curig, situated on the eastern slopes of Snowdon, is neither a town nor a village, but a place *sui generis*, consisting of a large and reasonable hotel, four or five excellent lodgings, a post-office, and a turnpike. But though small in itself it has great belongings. Moel Siabod looks down on it from an elevation of 2,878 feet; then close at hand are the two Glyders, fencing it from the north, huge craggy masses, each above 3,000 feet, from whose summits may be seen the deep Vale of Llanberis with its purple lakes, the lovely valley of the Ogwen, and the gloomy waters of Llyn Idwal. But we are not like another famous doctor "in search of the picturesque," only a poor angler in North Wales, so we will step for a moment to the window, and paint in a few words, the streams and lakes that lie within half-rifle range of our cottage, a charming fisherman's rest, in which, by the way, we have a delightful bed-room, a pleasant sitting-room, and sundry small etceteras, all for 15s. a week.

Sweeping round the north-west extremity of our little garden is a brawling mountain brook, chafing with every boulder that stands in its way, yet protecting with praiseworthy care a respectable stock of trout. Across the meadow, in our front, runs the main river, whilst to the west, still close at hand, two extensive lakes—the Upper and Lower Mymbyr—complete the view. We cannot see them, but must on no account omit to add that Llyn Idwal and Llyn Ogwen lie within easy distance, the latter being, in our opinion, the best angling water of the system.

There is ———. We will not confer titles on anybody, as it would not be fair where all the professionals are equally civil, sober, and skilful; so it is better to take a name at random, and say there is Owen fixing dropper and stretcher on the casting line in the road just under our window. A walk of five minutes brings us to the higher lake, and, stepping into a very comfortable boat, we paddle away to the upper end, for the wind is north-west, and we intend to have a long drift. Clouds are rather scarce, but sunshine is not fatal in the earlier months, so we make the first cast with good heart and moderate discretion, and whilst driving down the lake will discourse of matters somewhat general, yet strictly within our limits.

The weak part in the angling throughout North Wales is the small average weight of the fish, which in form, quality, and proportion, rarely lose their mountain peculiarities. Many streams, as the Clwyd and Conway, for example, flow through vales of great fertility, yet, contrary to a well-recognized rule, the trout can scarcely be said to partake of the fatness of the soil. Still we may assert with little fear of contradiction that, in the main, the fish in the northern division of this lovely land maintain their physical peculiarities with all the stubbornness of thoroughbred mountaineers. We do not say for a moment that good fish do not occasionally fall to the lot of some fortunate or enterprizing angler. Were we to do so, records preserved with due care at Llangollen, Bala, Tal-y-llyn, and elsewhere would flatly contradict us. The fact is heavy fish—the remark applies only to the non-migratory species—are not the rule north of the Machynlleth and Llanidloes Railway. Still, various lakes will be hereafter mentioned in which trout of a pound are not very exceptional, whilst some streams will be noticed where migratory brown trout attain a far larger size. But even when all deductions have been made enough remains to make fly-fishing in North Wales very charming. Whether it be the ease with which the district may be reached—whether it be the beauty of the country, the cheapness of the living, or the fact that no better sport can be obtained with so many contingent advantages elsewhere—it is idle to inquire. One thing is certain, more angling tourists are found within a circle of fifty miles round Snowdon than in any other equal space in Britain. Numbers of them return, year after year, to some favourite haunt, and still find new enjoyment in the old quarters. To such veterans these pages may call up pleasant memories of bygone days; but to the raw recruits who are now drilling for the present campaign they may suggest a different train of thought and feeling. They may conjure up bright visions, yet future, of valley and mountain, of pleasant hours by streamlet

and lake, of snug quarters, and small bills. It is for these junior members of the ancient Brotherhood of Anglers that we write, and we trust to show them where they may go with the most advantage; what sport may be obtained by average performers in average weather; something of what they may see; how they will fare, and what, if they are prudent, their expenses will be. All this will be done incidentally as we pass along: we must now return to the occupation of the hour.

A fresh breeze curled the surface of the lake, light and true fell the flies, and at moderate intervals a sharp dash on the surface kept us on the *qui vive*. But Time is a pitiless rogue, ever and anon, in the midst of our enjoyment, pointing with ill-omened finger to the dial—to an importunate letter of recall; in short, to some let or hindrance of our enjoyment. Now, however, he looks sternly at the space at our disposal, and warns us to be brief. On our return to the cottage we had no right to feel disappointed when Owen lifted the last trout from the basket, observing that eight brace and a half made a handsome dish.

It would be difficult to imagine a more agreeable three miles than those which lie between Capel and Llyn Ogwen. On the left hand is a bright mountain brook flashing through the moorland. On the right, indifferently cultivated ground is soon lost on the hill-side. The scene grows wilder and more wild at every step, and when the lake is reached all is rock and moor, mountain, and a blue mirror, wherein Earth and Heaven seem to meet. Llyn Ogwen is one of our piscatorial pets, containing a fair stock of excellent red-fleshed trout, rather above the local average. The boats are roomy, dry, and comfortable, at least such as we have examined. Llyn Idwal, half a mile to the westward, forms our ideal of a mountain tarn. We speak scenically rather than piscatorially, though from its appearance it should be well suited to the angler's purpose. Personally, however, we have no knowledge of its merits, though report speaks favourably of them.

However good the Lugwy and its tributary may be in March and April, unquestionably as the season advances either of the four lakes already mentioned are better, except perhaps after the fall of a fresh. The fish are about the ordinary size—three or four to the pound; though in Ogwen, as we have said, they are somewhat larger. In the earlier months, three or four dozen would not be an extraordinary day's sport for an average, and above all for a persevering angler. He who makes the greatest number of casts per day will always kill the most fish. Would such modest doings content us? Unhesitatingly we answer, Yes; for, after all, a hecatomb of victims could not charm one who had lost the blessed faculty of being pleased. We know some spoiled children of fortune who would smile superciliously at such results. We envy not their dearly-bought experience, for with wisdom comes satiety, and we feel sure they would gladly forego all their "great days" and piscatorial triumphs could they but feel once more the delicious freshness of those first trout.

Unquestionably Capel Curig is an excellent angling station. Any personal comforts that a moderate-minded man need desire can be obtained at the hotel or private lodgings. The extent of water is great, and one or other part of the system is certain to be in order under any conceivable state of wind and weather. A time-honoured adage tells us that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," and we trust to show the reader in some following paper, that North Wales contains other quarters as good and as comfortable, as cheap and as charming, even as sweet Capel Curig.

ONE VIEW OF THE CENSUS.

OLD WOMAN AT WHALEY-BRIDGE.—Aw yerd ut ther comin' a-takin' er senses. Win ye ax um not to come to er heause? For aw noan er Jone han none sa mich.

MR. SOTHERN.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

MR. H. J. BYRON'S latest play, *An English Gentleman*, presented to a crowded house by Mr. Sothern, at the Prince's Theatre, on Monday night, is the most incongruous mixture of pure comedy, rank melodrama, excellence, and badness that we have lately seen. At the same time, the discordant elements are woven up together, by great knowledge of the stage, into an interesting and fairly effective play. A wretched miser makes use of his still more wretched daughter's talents as a copyist to forge a will depriving one Squire Chuckles of the estate he holds as heir-at-law to an eccentric uncle who is supposed to have died intestate, but who has, it turns out, left a will bequeathing everything to his nephew with the ridiculous name. How the squire rejects the offer of the miser's go-between to be bought off, and manfully gives up possession to a cad of a cousin, without taking with him even a clean pocket-handkerchief, and how he is ultimately restored to his rights, the drama tells. The manner of that telling treats us to some dialogue which rises at times to great excellence, and at others sinks to a low depth of feebleness and foolishness. The best examples of the excellence is a bright, clever bit of conversation and "aside," where the squire wavers between a comely farmer's daughter and an insipid young lady of more fashionable station. This bit, admirably rendered by Mr. Sothern and Miss Roselle, is the best piece of sustained merit we have ever had from Mr. Byron's pen. Examples of the worst sort are three miserable puns which disgrace the dialogue, and the stilted stagey speeches set down for the unfortunate representative of the miser's daughter. The garret scene in which this character appears is that inevitable garret scene which Mr. Byron puts in all his pieces, where he piles the agony up until it fairly topples over into weariness and boredom.

Mr. Byron has a heavy pen. Of pathos he knows nothing. He works up the misery of the situation till all sympathy is lost in positive pain and anger at the author's disregard of nature and of art. We tremble to think what this miser's daughter would have been in stagey hands. But, luckily, Miss Moore, who took the part—poor Miss Moore!—possesses, in a large degree, that rarest quality upon the stage which was her sister's most delightful grace—simplicity. The introduction of Mr. Sothern into garret scenes is a welcome innovation, and to see him in a check shirt—which ought to have been dirty, but which wasn't—and a battered hat, was to experience quite a new sensation.

In the matter of acting, as in others, we often find ourselves athwart popular opinion, and we have on more than one occasion been unable to congratulate Mr. Sothern on his part. We can sincerely do so in this case. He suits the character of the squire to a nicety, and his impersonation is throughout a very clever piece of acting. The one objection which we have to urge is that he swears too much, and we'll be shot if he doesn't wear that identical white billycock which excited our ire upon a previous occasion. The acting all round was highly creditable to the theatre. Miss Amy Roselle has developed into a pleasing and intelligent actress. Everybody, from Mr. Sothern down to Farmer Hodges, played with great ability. Mrs. Clifford Cooper and Mr. Warde must be especially complimented—the latter for his excellent portrayal of a gentlemanly cad, the former for her meritorious assumption of a would-be member of the autocracy, to whose admission into high society a difficulty with the letter H is an inseparable bar. The idea is very, very threadbare, but it is amusing still. We also could not help remarking, as a rule, the suitability of the dresses. It is very seldom that the country actor knows how to dress himself for a modern piece. Mr. Warde, who will make way in his profession, shows his taste in this respect. Miss Roselle, too, praiseworthily resists the temptation to over-dress: but the greatest honour is due to Miss Moore for her conscientiousness. It must be a great trial to a woman to put on a dress like that she had to wear. It could not possibly be done without a rending of the heart. Many actresses would have played the part in faultlessly got-up book muslin, and in diamond rings; and were we not a critic of the most uncompromising type, we almost could have wished that she had done. It is painful to see such a face in such a guise. Our usually sober and discreet contemporary, the *City News*, once declared of Miss Louisa Moore that "her

BRITISH MUSEUM

face was a picture, and her voice was a caress." In our secret soul we feel uncommonly inclined to agree with the *City News;* but it would ruin our reputation as a critic of the uncompromising type to say so. We trust we may, without endangering that reputation, say that we thank Mr. Sothern for affording us another glimpse of the fairest lady on the stage.

A DAY IN THE WITHINGTON WORKHOUSE.

[IN TWO PAPERS: THE FIRST.]

THE English ratepayer, receiving at various times slips of paper on which are inscribed definite cash amounts said to be "Due on Demand," has an instinctive knowledge that he must pay the said amounts prior to a given day to certain officers whose names are printed on the papers in question. He usually responds to the call with the utmost meekness, but has meanwhile the faintest possible notion of the manner in which the funds thus disbursed by him are subsequently employed. In common with the majority of our fellow citizens we have for some time past civilly responded to the not always civil demands of the tax-gathering fraternity in a state of resigned ignorance of all about the imposts, but their names. Being willing to know something of one of the channels down which our coins were said to vanish, and having an idea that workhouse life would present many phases likely to suit our contemplative disposition, we gladly availed ourselves of an invitation to spend a day inside the extensive workhouse of the Chorlton Union at Withington.

It is not generally known that the Withington workhouse stands on its own grounds, or, in other words, is surrounded by a quantity of land, which it farms, raising thereon wheat and oats and bacon for its own use. Crossing these fields and passing by the graveyard, which is the final resting-place of the outcast and helpless who find a temporary shelter in the neighbouring buildings—and which is none the less pretty or tranquil because almost the only memorials of the dead beneath are grass-covered mounds and evergreen bushes—we were ushered through the gates of the workhouse into a fine hall, designed doubtless to suggest to all who enter it, the nobleness of charity. From this place we were escorted along a corridor about four hundred and fifty feet in length, extending from end to end of the house, on each side of which are ranged the various offices, school-rooms, and sitting-rooms; then out again into the open air, and up a flight of steps to an elevated terrace at the back of the house, built on arches, which terrace connects with each other the five pavilions used as hospitals. Standing on this terrace we were enabled fully to enjoy the pleasant rural situation of the buildings. Indeed, so pleasant was the prospect, that it was difficult to realize that poverty lay in front of us, insanity on either hand, and disease and death behind.

After a few preliminaries in the shape of introductions and mutual explanations between ourselves and the gentlemen who had volunteered to be our escort, we were led back into the house in order to witness the ceremony of dining. An immense kitchen, in which potato-hash had apparently been prepared by the cart-load in a series of huge boilers, first attracted our attention. Passing through this apartment we gained the dining-room. This place is fitted up with a series of fixed tables and seats arranged something like the pews in a chapel, the diners being seated side by side and back to back. The women do not sit with the men, but, like Dr. Johnson, at the publisher Cave's, partake of their food behind a screen, which screen runs up the centre of the room. The old people occupy the front seats, the middle-aged and young come next, and the children bring up the rear. Speaking of this system of classification we were glad to learn that in the bed-rooms and day or sitting-rooms a further principle of subdivision is adopted, the moral, orderly, and cleanly people being placed in one series of rooms, and the black sheep in another. To each dining-table there is one salt-cellar, which is a fixture. About four hundred people—principally aged—were dining, and the clatter of spoons went on with a mechanical briskness, which seemed to indicate that the company was quite undisturbed by the presence of our party. But though the heads before us were all bowed over their food, we could not help feeling that our inspection was rather rude, and therefore retreated quickly into a sort of big pantry, in which some hundreds of loaves were being cut into slices for supper. These are served out by weight. When they are too heavy the corners are cut off. We were shown several large baskets filled with these corners, which are saved for the use of the children. Every pauper has the right to see his bread weighed if he suspects that it is too light.

Leaving the bread-cutter to his crusty employment, we next visited the interiors of the hospitals. The Withington Workhouse is adapted to accommodate twelve hundred people, but about one-half the inmates are usually stretched on beds of sickness. There are five hospital buildings, connected only by the terrace previously referred to, and containing in all fifteen wards or rooms, and about five hundred beds. The hospital arrangements appeared to us to be perfect. We readily agreed with the doctor that cleanliness and fresh air are no slight helps to the medical man. Anything more clean than the wards we visited, or more orderly and complete than the various appliances and systems of ventilation, it would be difficult to conceive. The beds looked quite inviting, and the floors were spotless. But white as were the sheets, some of the faces were whiter. The patients were of all ages, and suffering from all sorts of complaints, medical and surgical. They were of course classified. Many were people quite able to support themselves respectably when in health, but compelled to come here when overtaken by accident or sickness. We were shown, for instance, the case of a servant maid, who, in slipping down some stairs, had managed to thrust her hand through a window, and thus had severed some of the arteries and tendons at the wrist. Some of the faces wore the glad expression of returning health; others had the listless look which betokened that they were approaching the unknown land which rich and poor must enter alike. The use of one ward was graphically enough indicated to us by the large number of very young infants present. We were told that the adult occupants of the beds were all either servant girls or members of that profession to which it is considered indelicate to allude. If it be true that an increasing population is always a sign of a nation's prosperity, perhaps many of the ratepayers will be satisfied with the necessity of devoting a portion of the rates to this last department of the workhouse.

The doctor having completed his description of the hospitals, we were handed over to the care of the governor, and conducted through the various day, work, and store-rooms. In some of the day-rooms, and in the grounds attached to them, the old men were standing and sitting as if doing nothing but waiting for their clean shirts. Whether our presence caused them to be silent or not we cannot say, but a more listless and aimless company we do not care to look upon. We were much more pleased with the old women. In their clean white caps they looked quite motherly, and many, moreover, were busily engaged with their needles. We have always thought that in this power of being able to work, if they choose, at all times, in the drawing-room as well as in the workhouse, women have a great advantage over men. A woman can take up her tatting when a man is confined to tattling or playing with his fingers. One old lady of about eighty, who was hard at work knitting, had been confirmed, in company with several of her elderly sisters, by the bishop the week before our visit. None of the inmates are compelled to work after they are sixty years of age; and we were informed during our progress through the work rooms that it is difficult to get into the house a sufficiency of able-bodied paupers. We formed a slight idea of the amount of work to be got through when our attention was directed to the immense number of stockings to be kept in repair. The principal work-rooms are the laundries in which the women are employed. These are fitted up with every appliance calculated to expedite the work. Amongst others, huge washing-machines, driven by steam power. There are also shoemakers', joiners', and tailors' shops, in which the lads are taught those various handicrafts.

The store-rooms are very extensive, and they were so suggestive of plenty that it was really pleasant to walk through them. Flour, meal, and tea appeared to be the principal supplies. There was also a quantity of snuff made up into screws to be distributed to the partakers of that luxury, and a supply of tobacco, likewise for distribution. The quantity of the latter given out weekly does not appear to be sufficient for the smokers, and is usually eked out with tea-leaves; but we were informed that the renown of these dainties is sufficient to attract paupers from all the surrounding localities to the Withington Workhouse. We were likewise shown into a cellar well-stocked with barrels of beer and porter

for the use of the invalids, and into another containing an extensive supply of mutton-chops, intended for the same persons. In view of the destination of these articles, we do not doubt that many of the inmates are occasionally troubled with mysterious complaints, and we heard a hint that sometimes severe blisters are required in order to convince the sufferers that they are in good health. A very complete system is required to keep so extensive an establishment in order, and one or two of the Workhouse contrivances suggested to us that the ruling genius had discovered the principle of perpetual motion. To take one example: The straw which is got from the crops of wheat on the Workhouse farm is used for stuffing the beds. In order to ensure cleanliness, it is regularly changed; it is then passed on to the pigs, and when the pigs have done with it, it serves as manure for the fields, where, we suppose, it again grows up into wheat.

THE TAILORS AND THE SALFORD POLICE.

IF there be any truth in the old saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man (which we doubt), at all events, Snip has an ample revenge, as it is clear that one tailor can mar a whole police force. The Government Inspector of Constabulary, in his report lately issued, among other strictures upon the condition of the Salford police force, to which we have lately referred, observes—"The inspector regrets *again* to have to report unfavourably of the tunics and trousers, which are very badly fitted, and the cloth of inferior quality." At last week's meeting of the Salford Town Council, this subject came before the meeting, when the following remarks were made:—

MR. WALKER said he was present at the annual inspection, and the appearance of the police reminded him of a phrase in one of Carlyle's works,—that "everything has been written about man, physically and mentally, save and except his clothes." When those policemen were inspected, one of the most pitiable and contemptible sights presented itself. It reminded him of another saying of Carlyle.

A MEMBER: Never mind Carlyle. (Laughter).

MR. WALKER continued: Carlyle said it was essential to a dandy that his trousers should be tight at the waist. Well, there was not a single policeman at that inspection whose trousers fitted him. They were wrinkled like potato sacks. (Laughter.) They must have been made in some slop shop, or by some country tailor. No professional tailor, surely, could have measured those men, or, if he did, he must have done it through a quadrant.

THE MAYOR said the trousers had been condemned, and the committee had ordered them to be altered. The other portions of the uniforms were quite satisfactory.

We can corroborate Mr. Walker's remark about the "pitiable and contemptible sight," in spite of his rude interrupter, who probably never read a word of Thomas Carlyle's writings in his life. The nether extremities of the Salford policemen in their new trousers have lately been a sight to behold. From number one A division to Policeman X, there is scarcely a constable who is not made to appear abominably knock-kneed. This is really too bad. To be overworked in the task of superintendence and keeping the peace is endurable, but to be made scarecrows and laughing-stocks to all the kitchen wenches in the borough is beyond a joke.

We really sympathise with "Robert" upon this occasion. It is quite clear that, with regard to the Salford police, there is something wrong somewhere. "Whom shall we hang?" We do not believe that it is Captain Torrens's fault. Are there too many masters? The fit of a policeman's inexpressibles is not a matter of much moment, provided we have efficiency in other respects. Nevertheless, when the chief magistrate has to inform the Council, six weeks after the publication of the Government Inspector's report, that the Committee had ordered the trousers to be altered, we can but marvel at the small results which arise from the deliberations of the corporate body. However, we shall forgive the trousers if the Council will only produce the men.

THAT BEAR, BROWN,

JONES.—Good morning, Brown.

BROWN.—Good morning.

JONES.—Just been filling up my census paper.

BROWN.—Hope you told no lies about it.

JONES.—Oh, no. National undertaking. Too bad to play tricks. Filled it up quite correctly.

BROWN.—Any one in your house put down lunatic?

JONES.—No!

BROWN.—Thought you'd filled it up correctly.

(Jones doesn't see it.)

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

KNOTT MILL FAIR.

THE Easter Carnival has been in full swing at Knott Mill this week. Conspicuous by its absence is Wombwell's Menagerie or its substitute. Its site is occupied by a penny gaff, where a thrilling tragedy is performed in the space of seven minutes. In other respects the fair presents exactly the same essential features as it did thirty years since, and, for anything we know to the contrary, thirty or fifty years before that. Pablo Fanque's circus occupies a large space of ground, and we believe he has paid £90 for the site during the week. Outside the semi-circle occupied by the shows are a large number of swing boats, merry-go-rounds, and velocipedes driven by steam. On Monday evening there was a vast concourse of people present, and, upon the whole, considering the crowd, they behaved in an orderly manner. There are the usual number of fat ladies, Hottentot Venuses, deformed animals, and such like. A great deal of horseplay takes place in Camp Field—lads forming themselves into chaingangs, and forcing their way through the crowd, hustling all with whom they come in contact. It seems to be considered funny, also, to deal an unoffending person a severe blow on the head or any portion of the body with one of the small brooms which are sold in large quantities from the stalls. Outside the flaming circle stands St. Matthew's Church, grim and gaunt, offering, as it were, a silent protest against the turbulent scenes around. We should gladly see Knot Mill Fair go the way of the bull-baiting which formed a favourite pastime of our fathers at Eccles in the early part of this century.

PROSPECTS OF THE CRICKET SEASON.

The list of matches for the season 1871 has just been published. The most important and interesting are, of course, the county games. Of these there are at Old Trafford three *bonâ fide* contests, in May with Derbyshire, in June with Kent, and in July with Yorkshire, besides the return games. The most noticeable thing about this part of the list is the absence of one of the oldest and most popular contests, that with Surrey. The responsibility of the omission probably does not rest with the Lancashire authorities, and consequently, after expressing regret, nothing more can be said. We can scarcely criticize the game with Derbyshire, from the fact that to us at least Derbyshire is unknown as a cricketing county. The Kent matches are always interesting, not the less because Lancashire has generally a fair chance of success. Of our chances in the fight with the strongest of cricketing counties, Yorkshire, it is much more difficult to speak. Besides these county matches proper, the gentlemen of Lancashire meet their old opponents, the gentlemen of Warwick, both at Old Trafford and at Warwick. One of the most pleasing features of the programme is the introduction of matches with Cambridge and Oxford Universities, though some of the local interest is spoiled by the fact that the games are only single ones, and played away from home, there being no return games at Old Trafford. Coming to the Manchester Club matches, we find the club has again had the courage to undertake a colt's match, undeterred by the consideration that previously these matches have been utterly unexciting and uninteresting. The most popular of the local matches, Manchester Club and ground against Broughton Club and ground, are arranged for June 23rd and 24th, at Old Trafford; and 25th and 26th, at Broughton. In addition to other local games, there are matches with Birkenhead Park Club and ground, similarly with Stockport, Preston, Bolton, Werneth, and Rusholme.

MR. ALDERMAN MURRAY ON SEEMLINESS.

Last week the woman question occupied the attention of the Manchester Council, and gave rise to a very lively discussion. Not very long ago the minds of some of the old steady-going members were much exercised by an irreverent allusion to the nose of one of them, upon the part of a young member. But behold, here are the steady old tops themselves publicly calling attention to the second marriage of Mr. Alderman Lamb, and the amount of money Mr. Alderman Bennett turns up to Mrs. Bennett every week. But by far the most interesting feature of the occasion was the dignified attitude assumed by Mr. Alderman Adam Murray. Mr. Murray led the opposition. He had been disgusted by the demeanour of the women who took part in the muni-

cipal elections. Their behaviour, he said, was offensive and abominable to the last degree. This is very amusing. If we remember rightly, we have heard of men—even aldermen—behaving in a not very creditable or seemly manner at election times, particularly on one memorable occasion, which we dare say Mr. Murray will not have forgotten. Yet are they esteemed, or do they esteem themselves, unworthy of the franchise? We have heard of one being thought by Government a not unfitting person to entrust with a commission of the peace. However, as to the unseemliness of this appointment we are disposed to agree with Mr. Murray.

RESULT OF THE VOLUNTEER EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations of the volunteer officers have terminated, and the result is approximately, although not, we believe, officially known. The following is believed to be an accurate summary:—In the Artillery, Lieut.-Colonel Sowler, Major Peacock, five captains, four lieutenants, and seventeen sergeants have shown their proficiency in handling garrison and field guns and infantry drill, and are entitled to certificates and fifty shillings each. Colonel Bridgford, of the First Manchester, heads a list of twenty-one officers, including one major, eight captains, seven lieutenants, and four ensigns who have gone through a course of drill (eleven of them at a School of Instruction), one only, a junior subaltern, having had his wings clipped. Of the few sergeants who have been under examination exactly thirteen will receive the embroidered badge of efficiency. In the Second Manchester, Lieut.-Colonel Mawson and one captain have been to school, and seven officers were examined by the Adjutant-General of the district. The colonel left school with all the honours. Certificates have been granted to four captains, three lieutenants, and one ensign; and thirty-three sergeants have also passed. In the Third Manchester, Lieut.-Colonel Egerton heads a list of twenty-one officers, four of whom failed to qualify; one officer has trained with the militia; two have been at military schools for a month; and thirty of the sergeants have passed the examination satisfactorily. In round numbers the above figures show that one hundred and fifty-four officers and sergeants of the Manchester corps have devoted themselves for months past to a voluntary course of military instruction, the result of which must be of incalculable benefit to themselves and the men who serve under them.

SIR E. W. WATKIN ON QUEEN *v.* REPUBLIC.

We trust we shall not be considered as infringing the self-imposed rule which keeps these pages free from party politics if we venture to express our hearty concurrence with the shrewd common-sense remarks of Sir Edward Watkin, at Stalybridge, in reference to the agitation in favour of republicanism now being carried on by a small but persistent party in England. It required some moral courage to say what he did, where he did; but, speaking from practical knowledge, and not from hearsay, his contrast between the state of affairs in republican America and monarchical England must have told upon his audience with incontrovertible weight and power. Sir Edward very properly took low ground in dealing with the advocates of a republic. That is to say, he took their own ground, and argued the question in its pecuniary aspect. He showed that the English monarchy was a cheaper form of government than the American republic. "It cost the Americans," he said, "a great deal more for their temporary King than it did us for our Sovereign. On each election of a president of the United States, which took place every four years, something like £2,000,000 was spent in preparing for it and carrying it through by the rival factions; and if loss of time, and of business, and damages of various kinds were added, the amount spent by that free and enlightened people would be found to be greater than all we paid in connection with the crown of England." Again, the people of the United States, according to Mr. Wells, their Commissioner of the Revenue, are paying a higher amount of taxation than any country in the world. So much for the cost of republicanism. Sir Edward Watkin indicated other bases of comparison, still to the advantage of monarchical England—the greater personal freedom, the truer and more real liberty, and the higher morality of public life. But Mr. Odger and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake's advocacy can best be dealt with by the logic of facts, and Sir Edward, in a sentence or two, has shattered the kind of argument which they have lately plied with the utmost persistency, and apparently with the greatest success.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE COOK.

I WOULD not lightly incur the odium of resuming, in these pages, that almost incessant talk about servants which greets us in our several homes, as well as in those of our neighbours. Still to leave the generic Cook out of our list would provide—as the hymn-book says—"an aching void the world can never fill." In trying to give you some idea of Cook, in moments of sunshine denominated Cookey by the young men and the young "persons" who come to the back-door, I may say that I have several in my mind's eye, but that I form an amalgam of them all to save trouble. I wish, further, to say that the cooks of which I treat are all of the feminine gender, or—as Mr. Jacob Bright would call them were he to bring in a Bill—"females." I should never think of commenting upon Mr. Francatelli or any of the "chefs" of the great London clubs who take pupils and who occasionally write books.

I always adopt the old-fashioned plan of calling servants by their Christian names. It grieves me to hear a neat-handed Phillis, who has "Mary" written on her cheeks, called Winterbotham, or Fradley, or Walker. It was tried on once at my house, out of deference to the Pritchards, who are believed to be very superior people—"The Pritchards always do it," was the argument—but I declined steadfastly in this particular to link my fate with the Pritchards; and thus it comes about that at my house even Cookey is called by the name given to her by her godfathers and godmothers in her baptism, wherein she was made, &c.—speaking of her as if she were a pudding.

If I could put my hands upon the sponsors of Sarah—one of the last of a noble procession of cooks which has passed through my house recently—I should require them to listen to the recital of a story told to me by a policeman as follows—the heroine whereof was Sarah. I give it as "the police" gave it to me on the night in question, from hinformation which he had received. "If you please, sir, as me and another hofficer was a walkin' down the road, we overtook two females, one being in liquor and the other pretty forrard, though scarcely so bad. They was a linking at the time, and their bonnets was loose like from havin' bin agin the hedges. The one not so forrard as the other said to me, says she, young man, would you take this lady home, which she lives at 55, in the Park; and that is how I came to know as how she was so screwy and uncertain on her pins." Such was Sarah.

Now, shall I tell you the kind of recommendation which my wife received with Sarah. Here it is:—"Mrs. Crammer presents her compliments to Mrs. Emmerson, and begs to say that Sarah Vat is honest, industrious, and exceedingly sober, also cleanly and conscientious. She has good knowledge of made dishes, horntrays, and cetera, and in jellies and blonmonge can give satisfaction. Mrs. Crammer parted with Sarah Vat from a most awful falsehood referring to the beer, but accidents will happen to all, and in other respects the girl seems truthful. It was only from a wish to improve herself that Sarah Vat left Mrs. C." Within a week from the penning of this memoir of Sarah, the policeman's narrative came into play, and Miss Vat spread-eagled herself in my lobby, to the consternation of the junior members of the family, who thought she had become a corpse. If at that moment I had possessed a hearse, or any other long, narrow vehicle convenient, in which I could have sent Sarah *in naturâ* to Mrs. Crammer, I would have done so there and then, and accompanied the vehicle myself for the purpose of improving the occasion. On the ensuing morning we drummed Sarah out of the regiment. She boldly demanded a month's wages, which she did not get, nor will, from the writer of these presents whilst memory holds her seat. What is your opinion of Mrs. Crammer? If a clause could be introduced into

some one or other of the projected bills having for their object the emancipation of women, compelling them to speak the truth about their servants, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, would it not be a very salutary enactment? To me it seems a practical false witnessing against your neighbour to let loose such animals as Sarah into your household, careless of consequences.

You see that Cookey, by reason of her superior culture and superior pay, is virtually, if you will allow me to say so, the cock of the kitchen. Her moral influence is supreme, and her physical influence too, for do not her brawny arms wield cleavers, choppers, and other culinary weapons of a formidable character? She lays down the law for the other domestics, and is like a mother to them, or an aunt by marriage. If her leaven be deleterious it leavens the whole lump, and the guileless young things from the country, who come as fresh as cowslips within her influence, lose their freshness and their bloom at once and for ever. I wonder if the Mrs. Crammer genus ever reflects upon this when they are compounding their fraudulent missives for the benefit of Cookey.

Just before breathing his last on the judgment seat at Stafford, the late Mr. Justice Talfourd remarked upon the want of sympathy between employer and employed. No doubt that most generous-hearted magistrate was in the main correct. His remarks produced a great impression upon me, and I have never forgotten, but always, as regards those of my own household, endeavoured to act upon them. But I confess that any advantage derived from such a course of conduct seems to be indefinitely postponed. The abstract reward of virtue may have been mine; its practical return from my servants, and especially from my cooks, I have never received. When open hostility has not been their game, a species of armed neutrality is now the utmost that I ever look for. There is not a lurching vagabond who haunts the premises who does not receive more consideration than I; not a palavering Hibernian mendicant woman who does not receive a tithe of mint or of cummin, or of cold lamb, whenever the chance is given. On one occasion I discovered that at about half-past six o'clock in the morning, for a week together, I had entertained at breakfast in the back yard several nieces and nephews of the Cook from the town of Mullingar. I felt a lamentable want of Talfourd's sympathy in this case, and when the morning meal was stopped there were plenty of maledictions from the inhabitants of the town of Mullingar.

Perhaps we ought not be too hard upon an inexperienced young wife who finds herself virtually in the clutches of a wicked and deceitful specimen of the Cook order. Many of these young wives live a life of abject terror for the first few months, and even years, of their married life. The fell glare of the Cook's glances is too much for them. They shrink from the assertion of their just prerogatives, and solace themselves by "a good cry," and when the conduct of Cookey becomes unbearable, and she has to leave, the abject terror of the young wife still continues, and in fear and trembling she writes a character which she knows is untrue. As to the old patriarchal feeling which fifty years ago bound the retainers of a family to its head, we shall search for it now in vain. It seems to have rumbled away into the past with the old stage coaches, the old watchmen, and other old-fashioned things. If only our food were served up to us in any improved style, I could forgive the absence of the patriarchal sentiment. But our food is not so served up, at least I think not. The savoury freshness and homeliness of what I must call middle-class dinners are gone, and we are delivered over to a generation of kickshaws and messes which bears fruit in the inferior nourishment of the little men and the little women that simper with inane visages and contracted waists on the trottoirs of our large towns. We pay our Cooks as we used to pay our governesses, and the result of this has been to make Cookey look down upon the ill-paid women who are responsible for the tuition of our children. Cookey has gone up whilst governess has gone down, and both classes of nutriment have suffered by the process. Cookey has driven her "missis" out of the kitchen, and missis has retaliated by driving governess out of the drawing-room. At this moment the middle-class patriotism of the citizens of Paris is a prime commentary upon the Hero Worship of Cooks.

THE FAST AND FESTIVAL AT ST. ALBAN'S.

So far from there being any abatement of ceremonialism, the services at St. Alban's on Good Friday and Easter Sunday were marked with more elaboration and impressiveness than in any previous year. The Good Friday service may be said to have begun on the previous evening, when there was a very large congregation of worshippers, the "Meditation" not concluding until nearly midnight. During the whole of the night the church was open for private devotion; and the appearance it presented was solemn beyond an ordinary degree. The reredos and large mural cross were draped in black, as also were the candles on the altar. The frontal, which was of black, with black and white fringe, bore in the centre a crown of thorns embroidered in white, together with the pincers, the nails, the hammer, and the spear.

The Good Friday services proper commenced at half-past seven in the morning and lasted almost continuously until nine o'clock at night. There were five services, divided as follows:—1: Instruction on the events of the day, and meditation; 2: Morning prayer, with ante-communion office and sermon; 3: Litany, and seven sermons on the seven "words" spoken by our Lord from the cross; 4: Part of commination service, and sermon on the taking down of Christ from the cross; 5: Evensong, and sermon on Christ's descent into hell. The choristers were all in black, and the clergy wore their black stoles. On Sunday, however, all this was changed, and the contrast was absolutely marvellous. The chancel was hung with white curtains, and the altar was gay with banners, streamers, and flowers. At each end of the altar was a large tree plant, and the altar steps (covered with a white cloth) were strewn with flowers and ferns. The pillars in the body of the church were decorated with banners, and in the window recesses were placed flowering plants in pots. The font was festooned with wreaths round the bowl, the rim being strewn with loose flowers. The blue and gold of the recently completed paintings in the north and south aisles also showed to great advantage. These paintings, fourteen in number, are illustrative of the "stations of the cross." Being of considerable size they sufficiently occupy the whole space on both walls, and form an admirable series of mural decorative art. Beginning from the north chapel (the women's side of the building), the first painting represents Christ in the judgment hall; in the second, the scourging; in the third, Christ falls under the weight of the cross (first time); in the fourth, is the urging with thongs; in the fifth, Christ falls for the second time; in the sixth, is the meeting with his mother; in the seventh (the last on the north side), is represented St. Veronica, holding in her hand the napkin with which she had wiped the sweat and dust from Christ's face, and which retains a complete outline of the Divine features. The series on the south wall commences with Christ meeting the women of Jerusalem; in the second, Simon of Cyrene is compelled to bear the cross; in the third, is the stripping; in the fourth, the nailing to the cross; in the fifth, is the crucifixion, with St. John and the three Marys at the foot of the cross; in the sixth, the taking down from the cross; and in the seventh, the entombment.

Matins commenced with a grand procession of the choir, eighty in number, preceded by a banner of the patron saint and the usual processional banner of the church: the latter was of white silk, with a border of crimson and gold, and bore on its shield the chalice, the bread, and the cross. The procession moved from the vestry, and entered the church by the west porch, and was followed by the Rev. J. E. Sedgwick and the Rev. W. Teal, wearing birettas. Their surplices were em-

broidered in white satin, with blue and crimson silk lining. The litany was read in the midst of the congregation, the litany desk being removed from its usual place near the screen to the body of the church. The desk had a new cover of crimson, with gold and white fringe; and the hanging was composed of slate-coloured velvet, upon which was embroidered a gold crown. There were three celebrations of the Holy Communion, viz.: at six o'clock, seven o'clock, and half-past ten o'clock, together with catechizing and baptisms in the afternoon, and the usual evening service. The processional hymns were "Ye choirs of New Jerusalem," and "The strife is o'er, the battle done," from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. There was an unusually large number of baptisms in the afternoon. Mr. Sedgwick, as he handed the infant back to its mother, kissed the sign he had made of the cross on the child's forehead. During the ceremony the choir was ranged between the font and the door, and at the conclusion returned in procession to the chancel chanting a baptismal hymn. In the evening the church was so crowded that the school-forms were called into requisition to supply additional seats, and even the chancel steps were furnished with cushions for the same purpose.

It only remains to add that, elaborate as these services were, we did not observe in any of them anything seriously inconsistent with the definition of ritualism as recently propounded by the Bishop of Manchester:—"Whatever made the worship of a congregation more devout and more earnest was a ritualism which they ought to encourage to the utmost of their power; because, when they met to worship, if the act did not draw out the whole power of their bodies and their souls, they were not engaging in that act of worship as the Church of England wished them to engage in it."

A copy of the following memorandum was placed on the chairs and benches:—

TO THE CONGREGATION.

According to usage, it is proposed to appropriate the whole of the Offertories of the Congregation upon Easter Sunday, April 9, 1871, to the Rev. J. E. Sedgwick, M.A. It is hoped that, having regard to the claims upon the Clergy Fund of the Church, all will be found wishful to do their utmost in this behalf upon the occasion.

J. H. P. LEBESCHE.
C. H. HINDE.
W. H. WHALLEY.
HENRY HEYWOOD.

St. Albans, Monday in Holy Week, A.D. 1871.

The offertory, it is understood, reached an unusually large amount.

ABOUT THE PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.

IN our last paper we promised to say something about the Golden Number and the Sunday letter. "That needs no exp'aining," some sharp fellow may probably say, "the golden number is Number One." Only a selfish and shortsighted fellow would say that, a sort of one-eyed Kalendar probably.

The Golden Number is that which any given year holds in the lunar cycle; but what's the lunar cycle? asks the reader, thirsting for information. It is a period of nineteen years, on the lapse of which the new moons take place on the same days of the same months, respectively, as at the commencement of the cycle. Therefore, while the sun performs its annual course *nineteen* times, those of the moon amount to *two hundred and thirty-five*. This discovery was considered so important that the rule for ascertaining the number of the year in the lunar cycle was inscribed in letters of gold, on a tablet set up in the Market-place of Athens. Hence the term Golden Numbers, which for this present year, 1871, is X, the cycle consequently terminating in 1880. The next column in the Kalendar prefixed to the Prayer-book is the Epact. This is the number of days over and above all the complete courses of the moon for any number of years for any part of the lunar cycle. Hence it is the moon's age at the beginning of any year. Now, there are monthly Epacts and yearly Epacts, the former fixed and the latter variable and to be "found." The Epact for April in a common—*i.e.*, not a leap year—is 2. To find the Epact for the year, you divide it by 19, and multiply the remainder by 11: the product is the Epact, if not above 29; but if above 29, divide it by 30, and the remainder is the Epact. For instance, 1871 divided by 19 is 98 and, as the little boys say, 9 "over;" then if we multiply this 9 by 11 we get 99, which, being distinctly above 29, we divide by 30, and get 3 and 9 over, which 9 is the yearly Epact. We can get the moon's age from this, too, as follows:—Add the Epact for the year, 9, to the Epact for the month, 2, and both to the day of the month, say the 15th, our publishing day, and we get 26, which we see is correct, as we see there was a new moon on the 21st of March, and counting from that day, inclusive, we get 26 as the moon's age on the 15th inst.

The Dominical or Sunday Letter has nothing to do with the delivery of letters on the Sunday. It is one of the first seven letters of the alphabet which were used to denote, respectively, the days of the week, one of them, as a matter of course, falling to the Sunday through the year. Owing to Leap-year this order is every fourth year disturbed, so that the solar cycle, a period of twenty-eight years, must pass round before the letters can fall respectively on the same day of the week.

It is not at first sight, perhaps, easy to see of what use these tables are, but we suppose they have been considered useful in times past, and the above is the fullest explanation that can be given of them.

KENILWORTH.

AN historical drama, entitled *Kenilworth*, adapted from Sir Walter Scott's romance, was produced at the Theatre Royal last Saturday evening to a well filled house. Within the last three weeks, in criticizing another production at this theatre, we had occasion to refer to some of the difficulties attendant upon adapting elaborate and popular tales to stage representation. We shall, therefore, not go over the same ground again. The result of Saturday's performance confirms our previous conviction, that the adaptation of the most exquisite tale produces only an involved or indifferent drama. Nevertheless, the performance was by no means unsuccessful. Some of the acting was very good, and the revels at Kenilworth and the evolutions "of the Amazonian Cohort by 100 Ladies in silver armour," if not exactly realizing the gorgeous pageant as described in the glowing page of Scott, were effective enough in their way.

When Scott's novels were published originally, many of them were adapted for the stage, one after the other. With the exception, however, of the operatic dramas of *Rob Roy* and *Guy Mannering*, and fitful representations of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, these adaptations have sunk into oblivion without much cause of regret on the part of the play-going community. The great success which attended the production of *The Fortunes of Nigel*, under the title of *King o' Scots*, by Mr. Andrew Halliday, appears to have been the cause of the recent reproduction of Scott's novels on the stage. *Kenilworth*, or rather *Amy Robsart*, adapted by Mr. Halliday, has had a successful run at Drury Lane Theatre, and has lately been performed at Liverpool and Birmingham. This seems to have led to its production at the Theatre Royal. The adaptation is not Mr. Halliday's version, and it has not the advantage of Miss Nielson's representation of Amy Robsart. Wayland Smith is completely metamorphosed, and the antics of Flibbertigibbet are omitted altogether.

To proceed, however, to the performance of Saturday evening. The first act adheres closely to the story. It opens with the scene in the Black Bear hostelry, at the village of Cumnor ("that excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or rather ruled, by Giles Gosling, a man of a goodly person and somewhat round belly") where a company of villagers are carousing. Tressilian, Amy Robsart's former lover, is seated apart, and Mike Lambourne, the swash-buckler, enters and discovers himself to his uncle, the landlord. After this we have Tressilian and Mike's expedition to Cumnor Manor House, their interview with the privately-married Countess of Leicester (Amy Robsart) and her custodian Tony Fire-the-Fagot, and the encounter with Varney, the courtier, pander, and, as Foster subsequently called him, "incarnate fiend." The second act represents the Queen's Apartments in Woodstock, where Elizabeth and her Court are assembled. This is an effective scene, and was very well acted by the whole company, particularly by Miss Plessy Mordaunt, as the Queen, and Mr. S. Emery, as Varney. The third act is taken up with the pageant at Kenilworth. The grouping of the Queen and her courtiers as spectators of the revels is effective, and was materially enhanced by the intermittent colloquies of somewhat more than a partial nature on the Queen's part, which went on between her majesty and her favourite Leicester (Mr. Dampier). The drawback of the pageant is that it stops the action of the play, and both actors and audience have, as it were, to begin over again. The fourth act departs

materially from the story. It is difficult from this version to make out how Amy Robsart gets to Kenilworth, and how she is left completely in the lurch through the stupidity of Tressilian and Wayland Smith. In this act the Queen discovers the perfidy of Leicester, the innocence of Amy, and heroically swallows her own mortification. The catastrophe at the end is changed, or rather avoided. Instead of the hapless Amy Robsart falling down the trap-door into the abyss, Varney himself shares the fate intended for her, and the curtain drops abruptly before a startled audience.

As Amy Robsart, Miss Bessie King had an arduous part to perform. On few of his heroines has Scott lavished more of his great powers in describing their personal graces and beauty, and artists have vied with each other in putting her charms upon canvas. Consequently we have conjured up in our minds an ideal beauty which is not to be met with every day upon the stage. Miss Bessie King enacted the character with great intelligence. In the early scenes she was particularly successful, and pourtrayed the mingled feelings which agitated her,—her doating love for Leicester, her pity for her father, her instinctive fear of, and aversion for, Varney, and the dawnings of doubt—with discrimination and power. Miss Plessy Mordaunt, as Queen Elizabeth, was most successful. Her scene with her Court we have already mentioned, and while rating her lords all round in the true spirit of her father, Henry the Eighth, she at the same time showed her undisguised partiality for Leicester, and yet contrived to assert her own dignity as Queen. As the author himself says, "So terminated this celebrated audience, in which, as throughout her life, Elizabeth united the occasional caprice of her sex, with that sense and sound policy, in which neither man nor woman ever excelled her." Miss Mordaunt realized this conception of Elizabeth's character very successfully.

If Mr. S. Emery was scarcely cavalier and courtier enough for the scoundrel Varney in the early scene he made ample amends for it afterwards, and played with his accustomed unction. Mr. Emery has been so associated in our mind with villains and ruffians for many years that we should be inclined to change carriages if we met with him in a railway train. Mr. G. F. Rowe was an amusing Mike Lambourne, but his death scene was too farcical. Mr. Dampier could not look the part of Leicester, the man "of majestic mien" as described by Scott, and in his later scenes he more resembled an irate Frenchman than the incensed and imperious earl. Mr. Clifford Cooper's make-up as Tony Fire-the-Fagot was in exact accordance with the author's description of that accommodating worthy, and Miss Jenny Taylor gave a very neat rendering of the small but important part of Janet Forster.

THE SALFORD FREE LIBRARY ON SUNDAYS.

THE Salford Town Council discussed last week a measure which we have advocated more than once. Mr. Wood (St. John's) proposed that the Greengate branch library be opened upon Sundays from two to five o'clock. Mr. Wood is a Churchman, and advocated the opening of the room for a certain portion of the day, as we do, in the interests of religion and morality. We think the room should be kept open in the evening, not to compete with either church or chapel—and we believe it would have no such effect—but as a rival to the public-houses, which even Mr. Bruce's bill does not contemplate shutting up on Sunday evenings before nine o'clock. Mr. Dyson (Kersal) who is a Unitarian, seconded the motion, and with regard to the hours took the same view as ourselves. Mr. Dyson made a mistake in covering too much ground while seconding the motion, and weakened the case by so doing. We congratulate these two gentlemen of different religious persuasions for uniting together to bring forward a motion upon the grounds on which they did, and although they were defeated by a majority of 37 to 18, we have not the slightest doubt that before long there will come a great change over the opinion of the council.

The majority decided against opening the Free Library on any portion of Sunday, but the arguments were all on the other side. Mr. Councillor Daniel Hall (Trinity), who led the opposition, said the measure would offend the consciences of a large class of the population. How, pray? Does the opening of the doors compel any one to go there? We presume if Mr. Hall had been defeated, his responsibility would have been removed and his conscience eased. He might just as well say that Mr. Wood's conscience was offended because the library was kept closed. Mr. Hall also said that the working people themselves had never asked to have the reading room opened on a Sunday, *and when they wanted it they would do so*—a precious argument truly! As Shakespeare says, "fore gad this is a better song than the last." Mr. Daniel Hall, who is, we believe, a Churchman and an active political partizan, surely does not mean to lay it down as a maxim that measures are not to be advocated and undertaken by those in authority until they are formally asked for. We have never heard of any petitions from the working classes to ventilate their dwellings, pull down pestilential courts, and sewer the streets. Nay, further, we presume that Mr. Daniel Hall does not object to the poor having the Gospel preached to them. Are we to wait until they make their desires known before we plant temples in their midst? Mr. Hall's arguments are preposterous, but "worse remains behind." Mr. Daniel Hall opposed the measure, because, referring to some very sensible and practical remarks of Mr. Wood about the discomfort of a poor man's house, he said the news-room would entice a man from his home. Now, if there is anything wrong in a working man not sitting at home all day long on Sunday, he is guilty of that already, for the streets and public-houses are crowded with men hanging about, and particularly on Sunday evenings, during the hours of divine service. If we are not misinformed, Mr. Daniel Hall himself dines out almost every Sunday in the year. What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander. Mr. Hall's private affairs, in the matter of Sunday dinners and otherwise, are nothing to us; and we only refer to the circumstance to show his inconsistency. We don't blame Mr. Hall for dining out on Sunday, and we have no doubt that he gets an excellent dinner (and enjoys it) in the society of his excellent host and hostess. But if it is bad for a man to leave home to go and read the paper or an instructive book, unaccompanied by either meat or drink, why in the name of all that is consistent does not Mr. Daniel Hall follow out his own precepts?

Mr. Alderman Pellett vaguely remarked that the opening of the news-room would be a desecration of the Sabbath. This is ludicrous. We are not living under the Mosaic dispensation. We must conclude that Mr. Alderman Pellett, unlike Mr. Hall, dines exclusively upon cold meats on Sundays, and allows no work at all in his house. Every Sunday, sundry of the members of the Salford Council, who opposed this measure, may be seen pompously rolling along to places of worship in carriages and horses. Why don't they walk? The exercise would do them good. The Sabbatarian objection won't hold water for an instant. Journalists have to work hard and set up their newspapers on Sundays. We presume, therefore, that Mr. Alderman Pellett objects to read his Monday's paper because it was prepared on the day previous. He might as well decline to sell a customer one of his own hats because the purchaser declared his intention of wearing it in the Athenæum or Portico News-room on the following Sunday.

Mr. Mc Kerrow (St. Thomas's) was severely exercised in his mind between diverse opinions, but finally voted for the motion. The fact, he said, that some official would have to attend at the library on Sundays was an argument against opening. This was also urged against the motion by Mr. Alderman Cawley, M.P., who could find nothing better to say than repeat his political bottleholder, Mr. Daniel Hall's absurd arguments. The objection about an official being employed is of the most infinitesimal weight. There are always plenty of people willing to be employed at any species of light labour on a Sunday for a trifling consideration. As we have already said, journalists are obliged to work on Sundays in order to satisfy the insatiable cravings of the public. Choristers, apparitors, pew-openers, post-office clerks, railway servants, cabmen, and numerous other people are obliged to do some work on Sunday. That it should be considered a hardship for one or two officials to sit in a room to keep order for a few hours on a Sunday is ridiculous.

This journal has never been guilty of flattering and fawning upon what are called the working classes. If, however, there ever was a case of one law for the rich and another for the poor, this is an instance. Exchanges, Athenæums, Porticos, and luxurious Club Rooms are open upon Sunday. At home we have comfortable rooms to sit in, libraries of our own to pick and choose from, studies to read and write in, friends to share our meals and social enjoyments; yet absolutely, on the only day a poor man has time and leisure to read in peace, we shut the doors of his own property in his face and say to him—begone.

The Handsomest Luncheon Bar in Manchester is the Blackfriars-St., 3 Doors from St. Mary's Gate.
LUNCHEONS, SOUPS, DINNERS, TEAS, FIRST-CLASS WINES, &c., UNDER SUPERIOR MANAGEMENT.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.
Engagement for Eight Nights Only of
MR. SOTHERN,
Assisted by
MISS AMY ROSELLE and MISS LOUISA MOORE.

H. J. Byron's Successful New Drama,
AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.
Charles Chuckles - - MR. SOTHERN.
Polly Greville - - MISS AMY ROSELLE.
Rachael Grindrod - MISS LOUISA MOORE.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the very great success of AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, it will be repeated every evening during his engagement.

Box Office open daily from Eleven till Two.
Commence at Half-past Seven.

ALEXANDRA HALL, PETER-ST.
INCREASED ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
Tremendous reception nightly of the MARVELLOUS
LENTONS
in their unparalleled Acrobatic Entertainment.
Last Nights of
HASSAN, THE GORILLA CHIEF,
in his wonderful performance on the Tight Rope.
GRAND BALLET.
Droll NEGRO SKETCHES by
Messrs. TOWNSEND and GRAHAM,
and First-class Miscellaneous Entertainment.

NEW ROYAL ALHAMBRA
PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.
Managing Director .....Mr. E. GARCIA.
MONDAY, April 17th, Engagement Extraordinary, and First Appearance of that Sensational Star,
FRAULEIN LAURA,
acknowledged the greatest Wire performer in the world.
Also, First Appearance of
MONS. DES COMBES,
Low Rope and Globe Performer.
Also, First Appearance of
LA PETITE ADELINE,
the Child Wonder on the Cord Elastique.
Continued success of Mr. J. Mc Cambridge's New Ballet,
THE LILIES OF THE LAKE,
or, Cavern of Diamonds;
Supported by Mdlles. ROSINA & JESSIE, and an efficient Corps de Ballet. In addition to the above, numerous Artistes, and the Best Band in the city.
General Manager, Mr. J. Mc CAMBRIDGE.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.
BAND
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.
Admission, Sixpence each.

NEW DINING AND DRAWING ROOM
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
Excellent Qualities, 3s. 6d., 3s. 9d., and 3s. 11d. per yard.
THE NEW PATTERNS READY for INSPECTION.
KENDAL, MILNE, & Co., DEANSGATE & POLICE-ST.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.
LAST SIX NIGHTS OF
Mr. E. D. DAVIES,
In his wonderful entertainment, entitled "Anecdotes and Adventures of the Funniest of Funny Folk," introducing his inimitable sons, Tom and Joe.
First Appearance of the
SISTERS M'GREGOR SIMPSON,
Ballad Vocalists and Duettists.
Last Week of
MR. CODMAN,
Star and Original Punch and Judy.
First Appearance of the
BROTHERS ST. LEON,
In their Negro Entertainment.
Engagement of
MISS C. LAURIE,
Serio Comic Vocalist.
Great Success of
SIVORI POOLE,
Comic Vocalist.
Last Week of the
ALBERTO FAMILY.
NOTICE.—On Friday the 21st of April, the Benefit of Mr. E. D. DAVIES, on which occasion there will be a
GRAND COMIC CONTEST
for a Splendid
SILVER TEA SERVICE & RIFLE CUP.
Names to be sent in to Mr. ACTON on Wednesday night.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS, Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

JOHN CHAMBERS, TAILOR and WOOLLEN DRAPER,
24 & 25, OLD MILLGATE, MARKET PLACE,
Corner of Cateaton Street.
List of Prices:
Making and Trimming Suit .....30s.
Making and Trimming Coat .....17s. 6d.
Trousers and Waistcoat.....12s. 6d.
All articles leaving my establishment will be cut by myself, and made up under my own superintendence.

NOVELTIES FOR SPRING,
AT RICHARD BATEMAN'S,
18 & 20 OLDHAM-STREET, & DALE STREET.
We respectfully beg to announce that we are THIS DAY submitting the Newest Foreign and British PRODUCTIONS for the present Season in
RICH PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS.
FRENCH SILK AND CLOTH JACKETS.
VELVET JACKETS.
NOVEL DESIGNS IN SHAWLS.
FOREIGN COSTUMES.
MADE-UP DRESSES.
FANCY PETTICOATS.
DRESS FABRICS, in New Colours.
ELEGANT MILLINERY BONNETS.
TRIMMED STRAW BONNETS.
HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.
RICHARD BATEMAN,
18 and 20 OLDHAM-STREET and DALE STREET.

HATS,
THE NEWEST STYLES AND BEST VALUE,
AT
J. MURGATROYD'S,
198, DEANSGATE,
OPPOSITE JACKSON'S ROW.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!
MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
NOTICE.
[*Read this with care and attention.*]
THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)
Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained
24 PRIZE MEDALS
in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.
N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.
As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
no fa Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
milly Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
with Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
out SEM is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
OLINA. is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.
MAYAR'S HOMINY,
produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

ALEX. ROSS'S CELEBRATED HAIR PREPARATIONS.
HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS
Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES, and Are Unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE GREATEST VARIETY OF THE BEST CLASS AT REDUCED PRICES.
SEWING SILKS, THREADS, COTTON, NEEDLES, OIL, AND EVERY REQUISITE FOR SEWING MACHINES.—REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
J. HOLROYD PRACTICAL MACHINIST, 159, GREAT JACKSON STREET HULME.

CORNELIUS CHEERS, 84, CHUDLEIGH.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

CARPETS. R. H. GIBSON.
CARPETS. R. H. GIBSON.
CARPETS. R. H. GIBSON.
CARPETS. R. H. GIBSON.

CARPETS.—R. H. GIBSON has just purchased 500 PIECES, and will sell them at prices that will both please as well as astonish. Good Tapestry Brussels, 2s. 4½d., extra quality, 2s. 9d.; 300 Pieces Best Handloom Brussels, 3s. 4½d.; 350 Axminster Rugs, at 12s. 6d. HALF PRICE.
90 to 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.

FURNITURE.—Drawing-Room Suite complete, from 8 to 40 guineas; Dining-Room Suites, in leather, from 10 guineas, in real morocco, 19 guineas; Dining Tables, extra leaf and screw, 39s. 6d. to 10 guineas; Walnut Chiffonniers, with plate glass backs and doors, 5 guineas; Marble Slab Washstands, 21s.; Large Mirrors, 40s. to £5.
78, OLDHAM ST.; 90 to 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

BEDSTEADS. R. H. GIBSON.
BEDSTEADS. R. H. GIBSON.
BEDSTEADS. R. H. GIBSON.
BEDROOM FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
BEDROOM FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
BEDROOM FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.

BEDROOM FURNITURE.—R. H. GIBSON, for BEDSTEADS in wood, iron, and brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. Suites for bedrooms from 10 guineas. See Illustrated Catalogue. Houses completely furnished in three days.
R. H. GIBSON,
90, 92, 94, 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham Street.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED
EFFECTUALLY or no CHARGE.
W. H. JOHNSON & CO.,
ALBERT WORKS, 14, CITY ROAD,
MANCHESTER.
HOUSE PAINTERS, REPAIRERS OF PROPERTY, &c.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

WILLIAM LORD (late of 15, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER), dealer in all kinds of Paraffin and Petroleum Lamps, and Lamp Materials, Burning Oils, &c., &c., Wholesale and Retail, hereby informs his Customers and the Public generally that he has REMOVED to more commodious premises, No. 3, BROOM STREET (Continuation of New Brown Street), Three Doors from Shudehill (Lower End).

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY,
LONDON.
BRANCH, 10, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Euston-street, near Hampstead-road, London. N.B.—Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES. The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb parcels carriage paid to anypart of the kingdom.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

The Hour of Danger.—Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous—a condition which betrays the grossest remissness, when it is known that these Pills, taken in accordance with their accompanying directions, would not only have checked but conquered the incipient disorder. Patients daily forward details of the most remarkable and instructive cases in which by timely attention to Holloway's advice they were undoubtedly saved from severe illness. These Pills act primarily, on the digestive organs, which they stimulate when sluggish and inactive; and, secondly, upon the blood, which they thoroughly purify, and hence is derived the general tone they impart, and their power of subjugating hypochondriacism, dyspepsia, and nervous complaints.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS
Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.
During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.
Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

JAMES THORNTON, Jun.,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
103, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespere-street), having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.
If, therefore, the neighbouring gentry would kindly favour him with one trial, he trusts they will never have occasion to regret the encouragement thus given to a young beginner.
SPECIALITIES.
Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
Dinner Wine, guaranteed a pure Sherry ..30s. per doz.
Irish and Scotch Whiskies.....18s. and 21s. per gal.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.
Head Offices, 95, Bridge Street, Manchester.
Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR NOTICE OF OWEN'S PATENT PERAMBULATORS, 1, OLDHAM STREET.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER, 16, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)
STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.
CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.
Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requesting Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, 143, Deansgate, Manchester—Saturday, April 15th, 1871.